







## Poetry.

AMPHION.  
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

My father left the park to me,  
But it was wild and barren;  
A garden too, with scarce a tree  
And waster than a warren;  
Yet set ye neighbors when they call,  
It is not bad; good land,  
And in it is the germ of all  
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great  
In days of old Amphion,  
And in't my fiddle to the gate,  
Nor cared for seed nor sown!  
And had I lived when song was great,  
And legs of trees were limber,  
Then 'e'd be fiddle to the gate,  
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a youthful tongue,  
Such happy intonations,  
Wherever he sat down and sang  
He left a small plantation;  
Wherever in a lonely grove  
He set up his forlorn pipes,  
The costly east could move  
And foulder into hummocks.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,  
And, as tradition teaches,  
Young ashes pirooed down  
Coqueting with young beeches;  
And briar-vine and ivy-wreath  
Ran forward to his rhyming,  
And from the valleys underneath  
Came little copse climbing.

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,  
The boughs cast her berry,  
The gits within the juniper  
Begave to make him merry,  
The poplars, in long order due,  
With cypress pronounced,  
The shock-head willows two and two  
By rivers galloped.

Came wet-shod older from the wave,  
Came yews, a dismal coterie;  
Each pluck'd his foot from the grave,  
Pousetting with a sleet-tree;  
Old elms came breaking from the vine,  
The vine strem'd out to follow,  
And, sweating rose, plump'd the pine  
From many a cloudy hollow.

And was n't it a sight to see,  
When his big song was ended,  
Like some grand, leafless, tree by tree,  
The country-side descended  
And shepherds from the mountain-eaves  
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frightened,  
As dash'd about the drunken leaves  
The random sunshines lighted!

O, nature! first was fresh to me,  
And wanton without measure;  
So youthful and so flexile,  
You moved her at your pleasure;

Twang out, my fiddle I shake the twigs!  
And make her dance attendance;  
Blow, flute, and stir the stiffest springs,  
And scirious roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a honey age,  
I could not move a thistle;  
The very sprouts in the hedge  
Sease answer to my whistle;  
Or at the moor, when three-parts sick  
With strumming and with scraping,  
A jackson hawksaw from the rick,  
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear a sound  
Like sleepily counsel pleading?  
O Lord!—'tis in my neighbor's ground,  
The modern Muses reading,  
They read Botanic Treasures,  
And Works on Gardening thro' there,  
And methods of transplanting trees,  
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they pose  
O'er books of gravel'd seneca,  
And show you slips of all that grows  
From England to Van Diemen.  
They read in urban clip'd and cut,  
And alays, faded robes,

By squares of tropic summer shirt  
And worn'd in crystal cases.

But these, though fed with careful dirt,  
Are neither green nor safty;  
Half-conquer'd, the garden-squit,  
The poor looks look unhappy;  
Better to the moest need,  
That blows upon its mountain,  
The violet herb that runs to seed  
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' monls of toil,  
And years of cultivation,  
Upon my patch of soil  
To grow my own plantation.  
I'll take the showers as they fall,  
I will not vex my bosom,  
Enough if at the end of all  
A little garden blossom.

## TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

A great many curious customs have come down with the Lenten fast. We should require (says the True Sun) many俗 to elucidate them all. But we cannot forbear quoting the famous lines of Robert Herrick, a poet and clergyman whose fortunes were dashed in pieces by the fall of his patron, Charles I. In his Nolle Numbers or plain prose, we find the following:

This is a fast, to keep  
The lente leane,  
And cleane,  
From fat of vesles and sheep?

Is it to spit the dish  
Of fleſt, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast a, toole  
Thv shew of wheat  
And meat  
Usto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;

## Miscellany.

From the Broadway Journal.  
A COMMISSION OF LUNACY.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

It was once called to decide upon the case of a person who was said to be mad. He had been sent to a mad-house, and in one of his lucid intervals had demanded a trial of the county judge, and a trial was granted. A jury of six men, of whom I was one, were to decide upon his case. He was a healthy man, and looked well enough up to his appearance, excepting a restlessness of his eyes, which might not have been observed had he not been accused of insanity. The proofs of his madness were clear, but he showed strong evidence of having been educated in the art of feigning. His case was very hard to decide.

The mother of the insane man appeared next, but her distress was too great to admit of her giving evidence in a straightforward manner.

She believed her son to be crazy. Had he first suggested to her that he felt something in pronouncing his name? "No," he said. "The doctor gave him leave to speak," he said, "but it is a matter of course. No man ever thought himself insane; neither can any man ever think himself so; for, having no standard of sounds to which he can compare his own, he can be assured of his madness in them and not in me." I was sick, sick at heart, for you must know that I had lost my Bessy and my little boy, my little boy."

The unfortunate hesitated and seemed to lose himself again. "I am a friend to my son," he said, "but I am not his friend; I am tired of his son; he is a friend to his friends; but I am tired of his friends."

The court heard the witness delivered their testimony, the court told the man that he might address the jury.

"I have nothing to say in regard to the testimony of these witnesses, who do not know that I am mad; but I am sick, and every day worse; I am sick at heart, for you must know that I had lost my Bessy and my little boy, my little boy."

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## NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

In this paper the principle is secured already for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The people, for their personal benefit, are about to ask you, now, without further delay, to apply this most just principle to practice; and no power can long prevent them from attaining their object; nor is it in the real interest of any one to obstruct its progress to the final victory of the slaves.

Equal rights to all! if the terms have a rational meaning, are equal rights at birth and through life. There are no "equal rights" when one shall be born without individual merit, to inherit large accumulations, while another, without individual merit, shall be born to experience all the ills and crimes of poverty.

There can be no "equal rights" when one, without individual merit, shall be placed far back through life, than another, under similar circumstances, while, without individual merit, shall be placed far ahead through life.

There can be no "equal rights" when one will, without individual merit, be placed far back through life, than another, under similar circumstances, while, without individual merit, shall be placed far ahead through life.

Equal rights through life, equal education and equal opportunity.

These rights may be secured for the population of these States during the present administration. You have the means direct before you without obstruction, and the power to effect them. Let us go to work to insure a glorious future to our country.

It may be stated as a truth which should now never be lost sight of for one hour by those who have the chief influence over the public mind, that the scientific power now exists in the world for creating wealth, manufacturing individual and social happiness, and improving the condition of man.

The general state of society has been improved steadily in literary, moral, and all other respects.

The shores of the tract of lands held by us are steady to the settlement of industrial labor.

Also, for sale in this office, a great number of maps, plans, and charts of the States of New York and all the Western States and Territories.

Map of the State of Washington, and Bountiful counties, on the Columbia River, 10,000 acres of land, \$5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, in the town of Hamptons, Co. Virginia, 40,000 acres of choice selected land, \$1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, a great deal of which is in timber, \$100 an acre.

60,000 acres in Franklin Co., Tennessee, from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, with iron, Coal, Salt-works, Epson salt works, &amp;c.

21,000 acres in Washington, and Bountiful counties, on the Columbia River, 10,000 acres of land, \$5,000.

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## Associated Agents.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (C.)

THE American Anti-Slavery Society.

In this association their funds are now

864 acres of land with improvements on

Lewis Co. N. Y., 40 miles north of

a large and never failing stream.

The price for the whole only \$12,

and the price of the land \$100 per acre.

Royal Institution in Alameda street. He obtained the pre-eminence of the banner of that name. In 1806, when the Boston Anti-Slavery Society was organized, he published his "Letter to the Friends of Slaves," which had a considerable effect on the contest, and continued to be read as live specimens of gladiatorial English, combining powerful arguments with exuberant eloquence and brilliant wit, and, though periodical, were more than before highly esteemed with pointed wit and lucidity, helping on the cause of the slaves.

The court thought it was, but would not give a decided opinion without first looking into somebody else's case.

He looked at his dress, gentlemen; if the dress of the man before him was that of a rich merchant? That dress gleamed like a common laborer. Then he looked at his hands; if the hands